

# LEADERS OF ART CULTURE IN THE PROGRESS CLUB

## PROTECTING MOTHERHOOD

By Leila Brechens-Rostiser

DEAR to the heart of every true woman is the love of a child. Undoubtedly the child was her greatest inspiration during the long years of her fight for the ballot. Certainly women have voiced their protest against child labor and the other oppressions from which the child life of America have endured throughout the long years when men were the sole creators of the law.

Today the women of 11 national women's organizations, together with a joint legislative committee, are asking for a piece of legislation to be adopted that will do more for the American home than any other one law in our history. I refer to the Sheppard-Towner bill. Affiliated with the 11 organizations which are sponsoring the bill are ten million voters who are demanding that this country safeguard the children of America and thus the strength of the race.

The Sheppard-Towner bill was prepared by Sen. Shppard, a democrat of Texas and Rep. Towner, a republican from Iowa. The bill provides for instruction in the hygiene of maternity and infancy and the household arts essential to the well-being of mother and child; it provides for consultation centers and medical and nursing care for mothers and infants, at home or at a hospital.

The act will be administered by a federal board of education and the United States Public Health service. The executive officer of the board is the chief of the Children's bureau.

In the separate states the act may be administered by the child hygiene division of the state board of health, or where such is lacking by a specially created state board.

To carry out the provisions of this act the federal government is to appropriate \$2,000,000 the first year; this sum to be annually increased until it reaches \$4,000,000. It will be apportioned among the states in the proportion which their population bears to the total population of the United States, provided each state appropriates a like sum. In addition to this sum, the bill provides \$450,000 to be divided equally among the states without guarantee of a like sum.

It should be noted that the separate states are free to carry out their approved plans without interference from the federal board; that the federal government in this act does not propose to embark on a medical or surgical campaign, but rather to stimulate and guide and make accessible instruction and care to mothers and infants; that this service is in no sense compulsory.

## A BITING BOOK

By Louise Studebaker

GIRLS! all girls, past and present! (And old boys and young boys, too) "The Girls" is a book that bites you. For you're either a parent or a child or both.

O, no, it is not a homily upon any dead subject. It is an achingly realistic segment lifted out of the life about us and pictured so vividly, so truthfully, so engagingly that one pauses from time to time to exclaim, "that great-aunt Charlotte—why, that's so and so—just like her!" Or niece Lottie, the circumpect, the tailored, Lottie of the "fish interior," whose domineering mother did not know "how inevitably a disastrous explosion follows the bottling up of the Lotties of this world!" You may know her without knowing it. But if Lottie is given more space and emphasis than the others in the book, it is because she is her young niece "Charley," aged 15, whom you admire and adore—and envy! She is so beautifully, so beautifully young and "sporting." That's really where the ache comes in. You can't bear shadows of youth. You may not be so fortunate as to know a Charley. She's good for prelatism—she and her reactionary creed of personal freedom. She's modern but so refreshingly wholesome. "A baby vamp—she, Charley Kump, who looked like a queen, and bobbed hair, and wringing noses, and the whole new breed of her contemporaries who were of the hard-drinking, stairway kissing, country-club petting class."

"But don't think that Charley is a highbrow. . . . Not at all. Even her enemies admit, grudgingly, that she packs a nasty backhand tennis wallop; and that her dancing is almost professional. Her chief horror is of what she calls 'entireties.' Her minor horrors are 'books, knitted underwear, corns, dirt both physical and mental, lies, flat minds and corporeal fat.'"

Shall I go on? I'm afraid I'm over enthusiastic about Charley. She exclaims with assurance, "I'm going to marry at 20, have five children one right after the other . . . and handle my job besides." Aunt Charlotte would have been committed for uttering such a statement. Lottie couldn't have made it. Charley loved the "sporting" class, the dance and Jesse Dick, who wrote such a real, virile new kind of poetry. Had the book been illustrated, it must surely have had that vision of Charley rhythmizing in a Red landscape, Charley, the spirit, and Jesse, the piping young faun, perhaps.

Charley and Jesse—"You heard them talking and giggling a little together in the hall. Then they came down the hall and into the living room, these two beautiful young things, and the other's in the room felt old—old and fat and fat and fat and fat with life." Young and free, the present generation.

"It all happens in 'Che-ca-gou.' The reason for looking thus named a city after the homely garlic plant is plain enough whenever the breeze came pungently from the prairie instead of from Lake Michigan. In Chicago, the 'shanty village' of sticky mud, hoop skirts and the firemen's ball, Chicago, the metropolis of vast enterprise, beautiful parks, and the Marigold and Midway Gardens.

Miss Ferber's diction and phraseology are priceless. (At times, her cleverness may trick you into agreeing with her temporarily whether you do or not.) Can't you see Aunt Charlotte's "hard-boiled" little riding hat with the plume? Later, in story.

(Continued on page 19.)



Miss Harriet Adams Stover, left, whose child study photographs have appeared in many of the magazines, and who served as fifth chairman of the art department of the Progress Club. Mrs. Martin V. Beiger, center, who has done much to promote the appreciation of art in this community, and served as chairman of the art department of the Progress club for three years from 1903 to 1906. Mrs. L. Clarence Ball, right, second chairman of art department for 1898-99. (Photo by Mangold.) Mrs. Ball is the present art critic of the club. Mrs. George Cutter, lower, who served for five years as chairman from 1907 to 1913.

## MUSIC

By Wilfred J. Riley

THE interest of local music-lovers is this week centered in the recital of MacDowell Music, to be given by Mrs. MacDowell, in the Tribune auditorium tomorrow night. The South Bend Women's club is sponsoring the concert.

Mrs. MacDowell has arranged an interesting program for her recital here. Most of the numbers have been taken from her husband's "New England Idylls," "Sea Pieces," "Woodland Sketches" and "Fireside Tales," descriptive compositions of life in New England. It will be interesting to note how Mrs. MacDowell will interpret these works, for there is no doubt but that she is unequalled as an interpreter of MacDowell music. It is she who fully understands the exact meaning behind each note.

No one can contest MacDowell's supremacy as the greatest American writer of songs, piano-forte sonatas and short pieces. His songs in particular, rank with those of the great masters of Europe—with Schubert, Franz, Grieg, Chopin, Schumann. Some of the greatest critics have ranked him above Brahms in point of originality. Few have ever excelled him in displaying individuality, sincerity and exquisite harmonies.

Distinctive Individuality.

Although his music shows the influences of Liszt, Grieg and Wagner, nevertheless his own distinctive individuality far outweighs any foreign touch. MacDowell was a man with a keen sense of humor, which he has made live in his musical compositions. His unexpected turns were as characteristic of his every day life as they are of his music. The Scherzo movements are the best examples of his humorous works.

The first numbers on Mrs. MacDowell's program "From A Log Cabin," one of the "New England Idylls," op. 62, was one of the last compositions of her great husband. It is interesting to know that the supercription for this piece, also written by him, sums up the whole tragedy of his death and the loss to our native music:

A house of dreams untold,  
It looks out over the whispering tree-tops,  
And faces the setting sun.

One man puts the case thus: "The most great composer MacDowell placed the melody above everything else and to him effects and arrangements were secondary considerations. His melodies are among the most exquisite to be found in the works of any composer and yet his harmonies and effects are unmistakably original."

Illustrated Slides.

Mrs. MacDowell will also give a short talk on the work of the MacDowell Memorial association, of which she is a founder, and the Peterborough Pageant, illustrated by lantern slides. Most of the great composer's works were written in a log cabin on their estate in the little New Hampshire town of Peterborough and there it is that Mrs. MacDowell still makes her home.

Following is the program for tomorrow night:

1. From A Log Cabin. . . . .  
from New England Idylls op. 62  
(Continued on page 19.)

## ART CULTURE IN SOUTH BEND

By Elizabeth Ketting

TWENTY-SIX years ago a few public-spirited women of our city under the leadership of one devoted able woman, Mrs. J. M. Studebaker, organized the Progress Club of South Bend. Their aim was to break away from the traditional plan of a woman's club, which was strictly cultural, exclusive, and limited in membership to a small congenial group of women.

They ventured to build an organization with no limit to its membership, to be democratic in spirit, embracing a wider and more varied work. They visioned a culture which should make for practical everyday living, with due allowance for the cultural, aesthetic, philanthropic, civic and social advancement of its members. And so they formed a department club which should include all these elements. Their belief in and faith in the response of the possibilities of womanhood were so strong that they complemented themselves and every woman who should join the club by naming it the Progress Club. Beginning with the first year-book issued, every year-book since has carried the motto:

"We should so live and labor in our time  
That what came to us as seed  
may go to the next generation as blossom.  
And what came to us as blossom  
may go to them as fruit  
This is progress."

The aesthetic side of culture in the club has been promoted largely through its departments of art and music. The club as a whole has always assisted to the extent of its

## DIVORCES

By Winona Wilcox

OWING to divorces and remarriages some of America's historic families now have the most intricate system of relationship known to civilization.

It has taken about a generation of experimenting in this kind of layer-cake matrimony to make the condition unpopular in certain circles. While divorce is increasing in a general way, it is said to be losing its former popularity among people bearing distinguished names. Members of well known families come slowly to the point of applying for divorces.

One man puts the case thus: "My wife has left me for the second time. Her reason is that I was paying too much attention to a girl. My wife came back the first time on my promise to give up the girl. I failed, not because I care about the young lady, but because she will make an awful scandal if I drop her. Now my wife has started divorce proceedings. I want to stop that."

(Continued on page 19.)

## SOCIETY

THE engagement of Miss Florence Guthrie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Guthrie and Clarence Wagner Bader, son of Gallus J. Bader, of Whiting, Ind., was announced last evening at a family party given at the home of Miss Guthrie's sister, Mrs. Raymond A. Schaub and Mr. Schaub, 492 Peachway av.

A buffet supper was served at 7 o'clock from a table effectively done in the late autumn flowers and lighted by four tapers in silver holders. Following the supper the guests attended the Notre Dame dance at the Oliver.

Miss Guthrie graduated in music last June from St. Mary's and is one of the most popular and gifted members of the younger set possessing a voice of great promise.

Mr. Bader is also well known in South Bend, having graduated from Notre Dame in 1919.

Among the guests were Mrs. Florence Deland, G. J. Bader and C. W. Bader of Whiting, Ind., Mrs. E. A. Collins of Michigan City, Miss Mercedes Rempe, of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. John D. Fitzgerald, of Pekin, Ill.

A wedding of interest to many South Bend people took place Saturday morning in Milwaukee, at which time Miss Fannie Carey, daughter of Mrs. Julia Carey of Milwaukee, became the bride of Anthony Edward Fernandez of South Bend, the ceremony being performed by Dr. J. J. O'Connell, pastor of the church, Rev. William A. Carey, brother of the bride, officiating, assisted by Rev. John Cavanaugh, O. S. C., of Notre Dame.

The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. R. J. Cannon, as matron of honor and Miss Edna Hickey and Miss Laura McMunnical of Milwaukee, as bridesmaids. Frank J. Schumaker of South Bend, served as groomsmen, and the ushers were John H. Striebel, J. William Fernandez, P. L. Robbins of Chicago, and Dr. J. J. O'Connell of Milwaukee. Marjorie Ann Striebel, small niece of the groom, served as flower girl, and Robert Carey Cannon, nephew of the bride, was the ring-bearer.

The bride wore a becoming gown of ivory crepe satin and Normandy lace, the lace being the gift of Mother Bettina, of St. Mary's. Her veil, which was caught to the head with orange blossoms, fell gracefully to the hem of her court train. Her shower bouquet was of bride's roses and sweet peas.

The matron of honor was gowned in peach color grain de laundrie taffeta and wore a picture hat of black. Her bouquet was of pink roses. The bridesmaids all gowned alike in orchid grain de laundrie taffeta also wore picture hats of black. A wedding breakfast was served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Cannon, which was followed by a reception to near friends. Mr. and Mrs. Fernandez will be at home in South Bend upon their return from an extended western trip, which will be about Jan. 15.

One hundred couples were present at the Indian War Dance, given last night in the Rotary room of the Oliver hotel, by the Students Activities committee of Notre Dame. Music for the dancing was played by the "Syncope and Five" of Tampa, Fla. Mr. and Mrs. K. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Halas and Mr. and Mrs. L. W. McGinn were the patrons and sponsors of the affair. The next meeting of the Students Activities committee, was in charge of arrangements.

The Scholarship club will hold the second dance of the series Nov. 18 in the Rotary room of the Oliver hotel. The chaperons will be Mrs. John Worden, Mrs. K. Rooka, Mrs. E. J. Twomey, Mrs. M. Helman, Mrs. F. Fulton, Mrs. G. McMichael, Mrs. H. L. Webster, Mrs. E. Schmitt, Mrs. Bertha Darr, Mrs. A. Horen, Mrs. Ralph Hollowell, Mrs. Walter Halas, Mrs. E. J. Harter, Mrs. Walter Bloomfield and Mrs. Bernard R. Myers.

The School Men Wives met Saturday at the home of Mrs. O. C. Osborn, 113 Indiana av. The afternoon was spent in a social gathering and a short musical program was given. A feature of the afternoon was a bean contest in which Mrs. J. F. McCowan won the favor. At 6:30 a buffet luncheon was served, champagne forming the centerpiece of the table. The next meeting will be held with Mrs. F. O. Schoepel, Lincoln way W., on Dec. 10.

Mr. and Mrs. George Peterson, 810 Grand View av., were pleasantly surprised Friday evening by 22 friends, the occasion being the celebration of Mr. Peterson's birthday anniversary. Pedro was the feature of the evening. The favors were won by Miss Emma Peterson, Mrs. Charles Tramer, Thomas Green and Guy Seibold. Luncheon was served following the game.

The art department of the Progress club will meet Monday afternoon at 7:30 o'clock. The subject discussed, Miss Arva Veasley will speak of Winslow Homer and W. T. Richards and Mrs. Henry Harrison.

The Parent-Teachers' association of the Elder School met Friday afternoon for the following program: Piano solo, Neteth Nash; songs by the sixth and seventh grades; a report of the convention by Mrs. B. B. Crumpler and the address of the afternoon was given by Dr.

## FLAPPERS

By Edith Johnson

WHAT is the psychology of the flapper? How can she be explained?

Society, which at first accepted her as an amusing and diverting novelty, is beginning to take her seriously, to wonder what she is destined to evolve into, and what will be the ultimate of her social influence.

Even the most casual observer must realize that the flapper is becoming a force that society will have to reckon with. She is no fad of the moment—here today, gone tomorrow. Society and business, even the arts are affected by her florid existence. The very persons who smiled upon her indulgently yesterday are puzzled and startled by her today. She creates fashions. She alters social customs. She is dominating a considerable portion of the drama, both spoken and silent, and she is being variously reflected in our literature.

Before we dare to condemn the flapper, we must realize that what is a living protest against what too often was her mother's or her grandmother's fate.

With her bright and sophisticated eyes she has seen that it is not always the good sensible, dutiful woman that attracts a lover and holds a husband. She observes that many of the noblest and sweetest women are neglected for silly and light-minded, but flamboyantly attractive girls. Perhaps she has experienced the tragic sorrow of seeing her mother put aside by her father for a light of love or a chorus girl. If she has been spared that wretched disillusioning experience, her best friends or one of her schoolmates is almost certain to have had it. She also observes that many of the nobler girls among her acquaintance are chiefly successful at being wall flowers at dances, or spend their evenings and playtime alone. The girl with the boldly effective make-up, the shortest skirt, the lowest décolletage and the daring tongue, on the contrary, is besieged with admirers, a fact that speaks to her with an eloquence that no mother's warnings can.

In his characterization of what we call the flapper in America, and what he calls "the woman who knocks about," the Gentleman with the Duster in his recent book, entitled "The Glass of Fashion," declares that the flapper is the worst woman in her lack of all direction of motive. She is knocking about like a cork on the sea and she does not know why she is living.

To me it seems that the flapper has a very definite motive—the achievement of popularity with men who spend money, and having a good time. Lightly, she spurns the old doctrine of woman's abnegation, that her place is at home until she is sought out there. She longs for every adventure and excitement. She wants to see, to know and to experience within the bounds of safety. She matches her wits against men's passions. She adores dabbling with fire, but somehow she nearly always avoids being burned.

The flapper does not bob her hair because she believes that bobbed hair is beautiful, but for the reason that it is rather amazing and she knows that it will draw the startled eyes of men. She does not wear too much rouge because she thinks that pretty, or a skirt of knee length